"ST. NICHOLAS" by Earnest Elmo Calkins

The Saturday Review of Literature

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THOMAS BEER
By Lewis Mumford

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Reviewed by Garrett Mattingly

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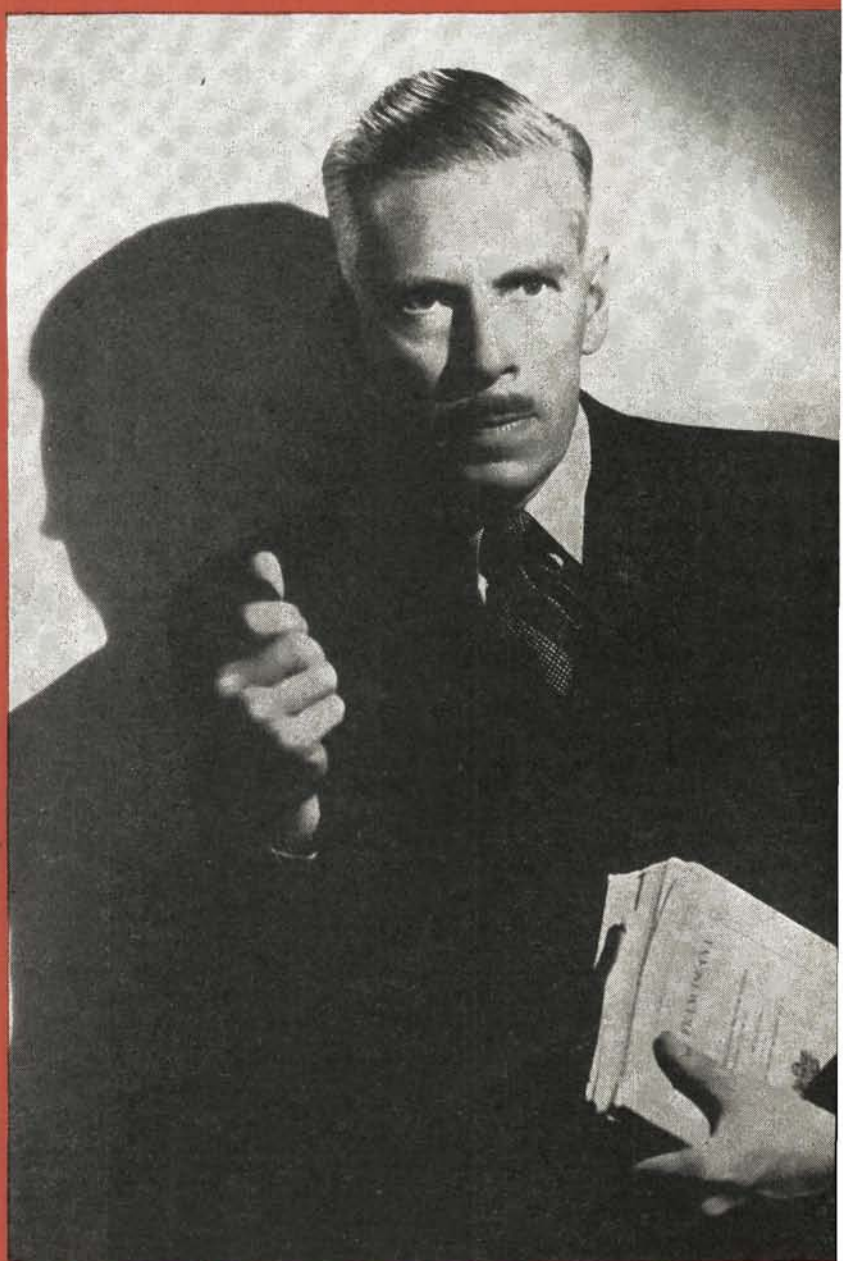

HAROLD LAMB: "His 'March of the Barbarians' will be read by thousands of people who want entertainment, not scholarship. But it will still be good, sound history, even if it is popular" . . . *(See page 5)*

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Selected List of This Season's Books

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THOMAS BEER

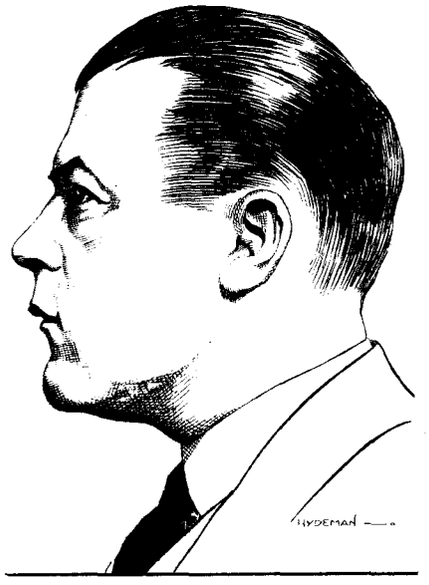
Aristocrat of Letters

LEWIS MUMFORD

IN April, 1940, the American people still prided themselves on their neutrality, their safety, and their righteous indifference to the woes of the weak: the Nazis swiftly overran Denmark and invaded Norway in a brazen flutter of lies: and Thomas Beer, a soldier whose intelligence never let him be callous, and a writer whose most trivial short story might carry praise of silent courage, died in a hotel on University Place. In this hotel Albert Pinkham Ryder had first encountered the image of Death Riding around a Racetrack.

These events were not unconnected. Beer knew war at first hand. No one who had ever heard him could forget his picture of an operating room in a hospital behind the lines, where suddenly he was aware of sloshing around a floor slippery with blood. But unlike his fellow-countrymen at present, he knew that there were worse evils than war, and worse disasters than death. His agitation over America's complacent anesthesia, its failure to oppose the world-engulfing calamity of barbarism, may well have produced the spasm that caused his heart at last to stop. He died alone, somewhere between five and nine in the morning, on April eighteenth. He was fifty years old.

If one puts aside the period of his apprenticeship, Thomas Beer's span of literary activity was almost as short as that of Stephen Crane. Ten years covered the publication of the literary studies and the stories by which he will live; they include the little study of Crane, which came out in 1923, the novel, "Sandoval" (1924), "The Mauve Decade" (1926) and the biography of Mark Hanna (1929). These were his principal works. The decade in which he flourished has lately been the subject for petulant and partisan depreciations. But if nothing else were at hand to justify the work



What Thomas Beer brought into our letters was an aristocratic sense of precision.

of that period in literature, if the contributions of Brooks, Frank, Rosenfeld, Parrington, Sandburg, Williams, and Constance Rourke should all be lost, the existence of the handful of books that Thomas Beer wrote would still identify the period as a notable one. This was the era in which our past was recaptured and revaluated, in which our writers threw off the last vestiges of colonial humility and equally inept colonial arrogance, in which, in short, a Thomas Beer could write about American experience with an objectivity that had become urbanely ironic, demolishing shibboleths, undermining vulgar myths, mercilessly wiping out banalities. Thereby Beer left all that was valuable in our culture strengthened and clarified.

What Beer brought into our letters was an aristocratic sense of precision, of intellectual balance and moral poise, and above all, a standard of exacting craftsmanship that too few of our writers have possessed. Yet this complex aristocratic soul was at his best in describing a simple fellow like Lamon, in "The Road to Heaven"; and this cosmopolitan, who would spare himself no pains to see a Gruenewald altar or a sculpture by Barlach, who knew the fine restaurants of Europe the way a taxi driver knows the Coffee Pots and Hamburger Palaces of Manhattan, kept a sense of home and country that more blatant patriots might have envied. Beer is close indeed to his Lamon when the latter returns to his childhood home in Ohio, sees the curtain blowing out of the white frame of the window in his farmhouse, beholds a wagon with three white horses dragging a load of bricks up hill. Lamon views this home of his through a haze of manly tears. If one did not see those tears on Beer's eyes, it was only because he had acquired the trick of turning his face quickly away.

A combination of extreme sophistication and elementalness, of cool intellectual appraisal and extreme tenderness made up the personality of Thomas Beer. So it was possible for him to write in an allusive style that required a literary and historic background as rich as his own to catch every shade of implied meaning. And yet at the same time he was able, in the days of Lorimer's editorship, to fill the requirements for a popular short story writer in the *Saturday Evening Post*. His sentiments were simple and direct—one might say homely; it was his mind that moved obliquely, like a distinguished guest making an unobtrusive entrance in a crowded room.

Perhaps the best appraisal anyone has yet made of Thomas Beer was that which his contemporary at Yale, Waldo Frank, published in "Searchlights." "When he talks with you, he has a habit of turning from you: his eyes glance sidewise: and although his words are most appositely for you, his attention close upon your mood, the man himself is remote from this perhaps too painful present. His ad-

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verse sociability—for he loves company—is a symbol for him. He, in his life, quick to the light about him, yet turned away, turned back, in a sort of affectionate disgust, to his own past and to the past that surrounds him." There was something of the same contradiction in the very composition of Beer's body, which was at the same time bulky, almost clumsy, yet somehow delicate. No one could forget the dancing mockery of his narrow eyes, when he unveiled them; his quick wince of affected agony, or the fixed stare of incredulousness with which he greeted a stupidity or a vulgarity; nor could one forget the curlingly disdainful, but not cruel, lips. Beer's photographs badly misrepresented him because they could never hold his mouth's swift mobility.

Thomas Beer was a man born for that sociable combination of talk, drink, and food which corresponds, on the personal level, to the colorful art of grand opera. I can remember no one else in literary New York except possibly Clarence Britten, who had anything like the same genial aptitude. Such talent is a dangerous rival to the art of writing, precisely because it satisfies the need for expression without demanding all those denials and acerbities that go with the composition of the written word. But it was out of this very capacity for talk and gossip, out of an illimitable appetite for people, at all times, in all places, that Beer achieved one of his most precious contributions to American history and biography. His documents were people. He had the novelist's ability to draw his material directly from life; he saw persons before facts, and preferred to hear a story from a living lip rather than from a dead document; from a torn letter, a dog-leaved notebook, an illegible diary, rather than accept the even smudgier witness of the printed word. Hence the extraordinary freshness of Beer's historical pictures. Waiting in cover, he caught history on the wing, with a quick lift of his gun: he did not rely upon having it killed by a professional butcher and served, with its feathers plucked and its insides gutted out, in a poulterer's shop. But he was relentless in his search for even the smallest fact: no academic rival could have been more painstaking.

Of Beer's three published literary studies, each turned out to be, in its special way, a classic. The first of them was the study of Stephen Crane. In little more than forty-thousand words Beer established the personal and literary importance of Crane: he placed him in his millieu, showed the significance of his actual work as a story writer and a poet; and swept into the dust-bin most of the pseudo-romantic stories about his career. The whole job was done with incredible deftness: with a swift surgeon's fingers the subject was exposed, the incision made, the morbid matter removed, and the gash sewed up again: not a lost motion, not a superfluous word. There was indeed a natural affinity between Crane and Beer which made the writing of this book especially felicitous; and the appendix with which the volume closes is a gem of witty castigation. Beer always preserved the privacy of the living, even when it meant foregoing some valuable material; but he was merciless to the stupid and the spiteful, and he cleared the ground around Crane from their presence.

Beer's next study, "The Mauve Decade," was a description of American life at the end of the nineteenth century. From its very first sentence, with its juxtaposition of the sublime and the maudlin, the sentences exploded like a succession of firecrackers bound together in the same package, one popping off the other. This book had only one fault: it was too brilliant. No one had ever before in America so savagely revealed the emptiness of the newly rich, who flaunted their wealth without the successful pretence of either brains or dignity; no one else had so gaily pricked the gas-bags of American self-righteousness. Epigrammatic descriptions flashed through the pages like a succession of headlights on swift cars; their brilliance almost provoked collision. A world of tinsel and wax melted under Beer's elegant disgust: the whole performance might have been lugubrious if it had not been so consistently funny. Though "The Mauve Decade" found more readers for Beer than any other work before or later, its very distinction of style kept it from having influence in the field that needed most to assimilate Beer's outlook and method: the field of history. In the scrapyard of historic material Beer had found more riches than the commonplace historian could discover in the original mine. Here Beer set a standard that only Mr. Van Wyck Brooks has so far rivalled.

Beer's life of Mark Hanna has not yet, I think, been appreciated at anything like its full merit. For in the Hanna, Beer's method and his style reached their fullest maturity: his prose, alert, exacting, supple, now achieved a classic firmness: still brilliant, but not suffocatingly brilliant: not too brilliant for words. "The Mauve Decade" was at its best in passages like this, which describe the World's Fair of 1893: "The nation

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Technicians of Conquest

THE MARCH OF THE BARBARIANS. By Harold Lamb. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc. 1940. 389 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

THE story of the Mongols is one of the most astonishing in history. When Richard the Lionhearted was setting out for the Crusades, the Mongols, a wandering nomad tribe, grazed their scanty herds north of the Gobi desert, hunted and fished to eke out a meager living, fought among themselves and against their neighbors the nomad Turks and Tartars, and now and then thought wistfully of the wealth of civilized China, southward, beyond the desert and the Wall. Among them rode one savage, skin clad hunter whose genius for conquest was already beginning to mold them into the nucleus of the most formidable fighting machine the world had ever known. Before his death the savage hunter made the name of the Mongols feared from Korea to the Danube, and obeyed over all the steppes of northern Asia. He bequeathed to his sons an army which, in another thirty years, overthrew the two highest civilizations then in the world, the Saracenic and the Chinese, and threatened, almost simultaneously, Germany, Egypt, and Japan. The death-like Mongol Peace extended from Poland to Annam, fenced with smoking ruins. Descendants of Genghis Khan ruled Persia and China for a hundred years, European Russia for two hundred, and the Central Asian grasslands for longer still. A remote one founded in India, on the principles laid down by his ancestor, an empire whose title passed at last to the queen of a foggy little island in the remote northern seas. And it may be that by linking, ephemerally, the East and the West, and thus awakening the ingenuity and greed of Europe, by introducing gun powder to the people who were to make the deadliest use of it, and by shattering the older civilizations which might otherwise have proved too strong for the expanding Europeans, the Mongols played some part in that rise of western Europe to world dominance of which the British Empire in India was one expression. If so, that was the one positive result of their conquests. They may have ended the creativeness of Chinese culture. The two centuries of their yoke seems to have stamped on the Russian character some of those traits which have puzzled Westerners ever since. But the Mongols themselves built nothing.

The one undoubted contribution of the Mongols themselves to the progress of nations was in the art of war. They were the supreme technicians of conquest. Their spies and diplomats (often the functions were combined) went ahead of them, collecting detailed information, suborning useful traitors, spreading the legend of their irresistible might. Then, suddenly, they offered their victims the choice of slavery or death. The submissive were spared and added to their human herds, even permitted to govern themselves under Mongol overlords. Those who resisted were visited with the last extremity of frightfulness. Mongol successes were due to three factors: mobility, discipline, terror. Being all mounted troops they outmanoeuvered and outflanked their slower enemies, and, seeming to be everywhere at once, gave the impression of overwhelming numbers. In battle they fought like one man, like military slaves, wheeling and returning and pouring in their arrows until the foe was weary. But their chief weapon was terror. The best recent studies of the Mongol conquests were written for the use of the German general staff. If the Mongols left us nothing else, they should be remembered as the inventors of the *Blitzkrieg.*

Mr. Harold Lamb, many of whose earlier books have concerned the Mongols, has at last written a sketch of their whole history from their first conquests to the present. In the course of more than twenty years' work on the Asiatic nomads, Mr. Lamb has learned almost everything a historian needs to know except how to sound impressive. At first glance one would say that anything that reads so easily must have been easy to write. This vivid, slap-dash narrative, as streamlined as a special correspondent's report in yesterday's newspaper, seems merely to skim at top speed over the colorful surface of the centuries. There are no foot notes. There are no disquisitions on economic causation and the philosophy of history, just a rapid paced story surprisingly full of revealing anecdotes. There's hardly a sentence anyone would need to read twice. But the ease is deceptive. All one needs for interpretive essays is an armchair, but the anecdotes have been dug laboriously out of the sources in half a dozen languages, are, in fact, what the sources yield. They have been weighed, and sifted, and put where, for a thoughtful reader, they provide their own interpretation. If you want scholarship, there's an excellent and discriminating critical bibliography at the back of the book. But even without it, this short, popularly written, apparently negligent volume is the most accurate and intelligent account of the Mongols available in English.

Jacket design for "The March of the Barbarians."

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BRITANNIA: TWO VIEWS

EMPIRE ON THE SEVEN SEAS: The British Empire, 1784-1939. By James Truslow Adams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1940. 391 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

WITH this volume Mr. James Truslow Adams completes the brief popular survey of the history of the British people begun with the publication in 1938 of his volume "Building the British Empire." In scope and treatment this is a work very similar to his successful "Epic of America." The center of his story is Great Britain, but he conscientiously brings in the expansion of the British people into all parts of the world, and especially those parts that form the British Commonwealth of Nations. He has a story to tell, centred around the political development of a great state; but he is also, like most historians today, determined to be a kind of retrospective sociologist, and bring in everything he can about the social, economic, artistic, and literary life of the people about whom he is writing.

He hasn't succeeded in bringing in enough. The major defect of his book is one common to most of the textbooks published in this era of the "new history." A history of everything the British have done for the last one hundred and sixty years cannot be pressed into four hundred pages except as a pretty colorless outline. Mr. Adams has to deal with real persons, as well as with an abstraction, the "British people." But even the statesmen, about whom he can afford a few details, Pitt, Peel, Palmerston, Gladstone, fail to come to life in his compressed phrases. The narrative of politics, thin for the British Isles, is almost wanting for the dominions.

His earlier work on American history shows that he can master this problem. It may seem a piece of intellectual snobbery, all too common among professional historians, to suggest that he has failed in this book partly, at least, because he has gone outside his "field." Yet the long and careful apprenticeship he served in American history must have given him an intuitive familiarity with his material, an experienced craftsman's sense for what counts and what can be neglected, which he has not had the time to acquire in English history. There is certainly some transfer of skill. There are worse, and duller, surveys of modern English history. But on the whole, an Englishman like Mr. G. M. Trevelyan does in the same compass a much better job than Mr. Adams has done.

In an America as touchy about British propaganda as the America of 1940, Mr. Adams is almost certain to be accused of trying to drag us into the war. He feels that the British Empire has always been the great bulwark of civilization against barbarism, the constant champion of order, liberty, decency, and other good things against the menace of dictatorship, Spanish, French, German. In this volume, completed after war was declared, he writes about Napoleon I with Hitler always in his mind. Things looked dark in 1811, with Napoleon master of Europe, and with the misled United States about to turn against the champion of humanity in the War of 1812. But though people talked about the decadence of England, though English statesmen and generals made mistake after mistake, England did muddle through to her victory and the world's. The parallel sometimes gets dangerous, as when Mr. Adams comments on the British violation of Danish neutrality and seizure of the Danish fleet in 1807. "It was known . . . that Napoleon's hand was stretched out to grab the fleet. Canning grabbed it first. The punctilios of diplomacy or the drawing-room would have been wasted on the French dictator." History is in some ways not altogether a consoling study.

THE SUN NEVER SETS. By Malcolm Muggeridge. New York: Random House. 1940. 393 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

THE list of writers who have been in at the death continues to increase. There was a time when small and threatened nations did well to cringe at the approach of (shall we say) Mr. Vincent Sheean, who—like the headless driver of the hearse, the banshee, the white lady—generally indicated that the game was up. But nothing that Mr. Sheean ever wrote, depressing as much of it was, could equal what we find in two new books—"The Failure of a Mission," by Sir Nevile Henderson, and "The Sun Never Sets," by Malcolm Muggeridge. Future historians, those comfortable and fortunate people, will doubtless consider Sir Nevile's mild and terrifying revelation of the diplomacy of appeasement a source book of the first importance. They will not, it is true, discover an equivalent treasure in the pages of Mr. Muggeridge: but I make so bold as to predict that they will be astonished at him. And it will not be what he says that will astonish them, but the fact that he was allowed to say it—that his book was hailed with apparent delight by the press of a nation at war. It's certainly very odd; but let nobody say that freedom of speech is dead among the countries that profess to uphold it.

In 377 pages Mr. Muggeridge ap-

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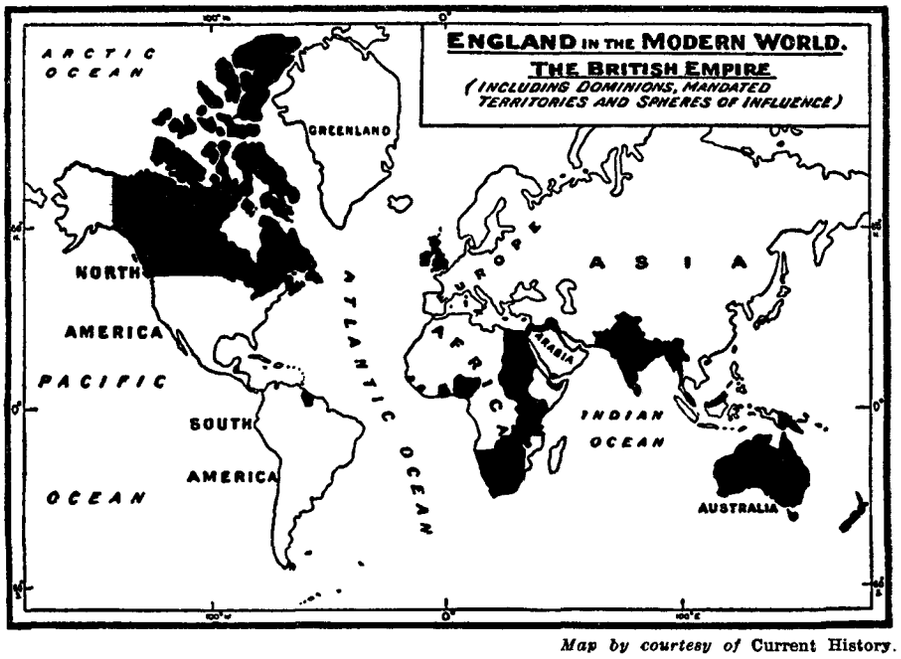

Map by courtesy of Current History.

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"ST. NICHOLAS"

EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

A few weeks ago announcement was made that the surviving remains of St. Nicholas *had been bought by Mrs. Juliet Lit Stern, wife of the former publisher of the* New York Post, *who promises a revitalized magazine in September "worthy of the tradition." That is the status today of that sixty-seven-year-old children's publication which had so much meaning for those of us whose memories go back in affectionate remembrance to its heyday when its arrival each month made a holiday in homes where children abounded.* —EDITOR'S NOTE.

ON a day in late October in the fall of 1873 a father came home from downtown bringing the first number of a new magazine. Its full name was *St. Nicholas, Scribner's Illustrated Magazine for Girls and Boys* [note the precedence] *conducted by Mary Mapes Dodge.* To one small boy, and doubtless to countless others, that first number, with its resplendent red and black cover, was welcome as the rainbow to Noah.

There was no dearth of magazines for the young in those days. No period in our history was so prolific of them as that following the Civil War. At one time as many as sixty were in existence. But a good proportion were the so-called Sunday-school papers, similar to *The Young Reaper* distributed free at the Baptist Church, than which this young reader knew nothing duller. Of the more interesting, few had yet come his way, except the old reliable *Youth's Companion.*

Of those that sought to cater to youthful tastes and succeeded in avoiding the goody-goody tone that nauseated its young readers while retaining the approval of parents and teachers, there were *Oliver Optic's Magazine,* edited by William T. Adams, who wrote 126 boy's books, Frank Leslie's *Boys of America* and *Boys and Girls,* Demorest's *Young America,* Hurd & Houghton's *Riverside Magazine,* edited by Horace E. Scudder; *Burke's Weekly for Boys and Girls,* Mayne Reid's *Onward,* and a publication for infants called *Nursery.*

The Lothrops of Boston put out *Little Pilgrim, Pansy,* named for the pseudonym of Mrs. Isabella Alden, author of numerous saccharine religious books for girls, and *Wide Awake,* almost but not quite in *St. Nicholas's* class, famous as the vehicle of Margaret Sidney's "Five Little Peppers." With the rising popularity of the Chautauqua movement they added *Chautauqua Young Folks' Journal. Little Corporal* was edited by Edward Eggleston and Harriet Mann Miller (Olive Thorne).

Ticknor & Fields had *Our Young Folks,* edited by that beloved writer of boys' tales, J. (for John) T. (for Townsend) Trowbridge. *Wide Awake, Little Corporal,* and *Our Young Folks,* together with T. S. Arthur's *Children's Hour* and a publication called *Schoolday,* were subsequently merged with *St. Nicholas. Our Young Folks* brought Trowbridge in time for his serial, "Fast Friends," to be run the first year, forerunner of a succession of Jack Hazard stories of great popularity. In children's books the hero was often carried through volume after volume. It also brought Lucretia P. Hale and her immortal Peterkins—Elizabeth Eliza, Solomon John, and the little boys in their India rubber boots, with the Lady from Philadelphia who solved their problems.

Other candidates for youthful favor, not so creditable as those just listed, were *Golden Days* and Frank Munsey's *Golden Argosy.* They were more on the sensational side, featuring Optic, Alger, Ellis, and Castlemon, with serials ending at moments of breathless suspense. Frank Luther Mott, on whose amazingly complete and accurate history of American magazines I have drawn for some data, observes: "*Argosy* and *Golden Days* will perhaps serve to bridge the gap between the 'respectable' juveniles and the blood-and-thunder bang-bang-bang type of cheap weekly for boys." At any rate, they were more popular with the boys than with their parents, and the only drawback I recall was that they were too large to be concealed behind the geographies then in use. Actually the blood-and-thunder-bang-bang-bang literature, the New Buntlines, Beadles, and Old Cap Colliers, compared with say "The Thin Man," were as innocuous as the Rollo Books.

Roswell Smith persuaded Charles Scribner's Sons to back him and J. G. Holland in *Scribner's Magazine,* and as soon as that was well under way he planned a periodical for young folks. Mary Mapes Dodge was his choice for editor, and a wise and far-seeing choice it was. She was already famous with young readers for "Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates," which became a children's classic—and still is. So thorough was her research into Dutch life, though she had never been to Holland, that an Amsterdam bookseller later recommended the Dutch edition of her book to her son as the

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***Silhouettes from old copies of* St. Nicholas**

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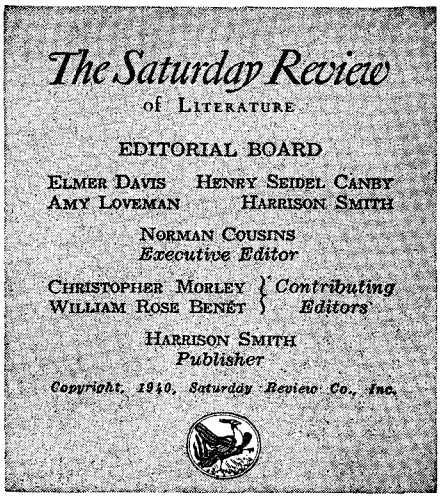

FEAR AND PROPAGANDA

THERE is an unfortunate tendency in the United States, stemming largely out of fear of propaganda, to suspend all critical thinking for the duration of the war. So effectively have the dangers of propaganda been impressed upon us that many people, alarmed or even intimidated by the fear that they may become its victims, have sought immunity through impassiveness.

And yet this fear of propaganda is in itself a triumph of propaganda. In dosing ourselves with mental anesthesia on any subject relating to the war, we may in fact be fulfilling propagandist objectives. In a sense, we are all of us, voluntarily or involuntarily, propagandist victims. It is impossible to conceive of an attitude toward the war that might not coincide with a point of view supported by some propaganda. There is nothing we can say or do or refrain from saying or doing that will not serve the purpose—somewhere along the line—of either belligerent, even though our position may favor neither one.

For example, Germany's propaganda from the start of this war has been a defensive propaganda (its official propagandist ministry is called the "Defense against Lies Committee"); its propagandist machine here is geared to negation. It cannot hope to compete with Great Britain in *creating* public attitudes in this country —even Mr. Hitler has resentfully acknowledged England's advantage—but it can at least attempt to *negate* British propaganda or sympathy for Britain. Thus, if we cannot be brought over actively to Germany's side, our position as bystanders should be secure. Hermann Rauschning lends emphasis to this point in his "The Voice of Destruction." Adolf Hitler, he says, is counting heavily upon America's neutrality in any European war.

It is fantastic of course to suggest that those who favor strict neutrality should cease immediately because they are serving German propagandist ends. It is similarly absurd to cease abruptly our condemnation of barbarism and mass blood-letting because we may be serving British propagandist ends. Nor is this editorial to be taken as a reflection upon the sincerity or honesty of those who, out of fear of propaganda, have ex-communicated themselves from the world of events and ideas. If our convictions are worth their salt they are worth keeping, not because of propaganda but in spite of it. But at the same time we must be realistic enough to face the significance and possible consequences of those convictions, especially the conviction that the only safe course is to refrain from reading, listening, and thinking. A moratorium on mental operations is no solution to the problem of propaganda—any more than it has been a solution to any other problem.

One of the troubles in discussing propaganda is that it is a word without precise definition. It used to be thought of in terms of public enlightenment and even education. But in recent years it has become so contaminated through constant consorting with bad company that it is now synonymous with wholesale lying for sinister purposes. Professor H. C. Peterson, of the University of Oklahoma, describes it as "assassination by word" in his recent book, "Propaganda for War." And yet, such definitions make no provision for the propaganda that exploits truth for its own ends, or for the propaganda of negation or inaction, or for the propaganda generated by events themselves and having no relation to propagandists.

Under such circumstances, it is a mistake to suppose that there is any single, sure-fire method of remaining free of propagandist taint. Clearly, there is no escape from propaganda. But the lack of an escape should not be taken for surrender. In fighting propaganda and in attempting to reduce its dangers, we are fortunate in that certain weapons are available. We know that critical thinking not only dissolves propaganda but prevents us from discarding convictions just because they happen to coincide to any extent with propagandizing participants. We know that critical thinking can help us read newspapers or hear radio dispatches; help us to make allowances for censorship and for the weighting and interpreting of the news by re-write men or commentators; help us to see past the headlines and into whatever meat there does exist in the news, no matter how chopped or colored.

And finally, we know that as long as the lanes of propaganda are kept open, as long as we do not have to fear a one-way propaganda monopoly, that the conflicting propagandas will be directed at each other and may tend to cancel each other out.

N. C.

Love Letter from New Hampshire

By Shirley Barker

THIS is the pattern I was meant to move in,
defined by crooked streets, with an ancient steeple
growing out of their midst; this destiny proven
by all my kind, who see the withered sepal,
empty and brown, implicit in the flower,
rather than present loveliness . . . and so
gather no flowers. But this is the hour
when patterned destinies go.

This hour finds no wisdom in recalling
the precepts of a larger world. Why pray,
when we can hear the shattered steeples falling
in prayerful towns a dozen seas away?
Why build a higher strip of field-stone walling?
Stand isolationist at Judgment Day?

You hope to see, you say, a stricter pattern,
defined by straight streets where no beggars crawl;
where I am sister to each passing slattern,
Or else a dark stain on a prison wall.
Your vision I will not accept. The wonder
Of you and your untender love, I claim;
Running before the darkness and the thunder,
The only destiny that bears my name.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Re-kindling the Russell Fire

SIR:—I am very disappointed with the editorial on Bertrand Russell by Mr. Henry Seidel Canby. It is regrettable when a great publication such as yours has on its editorial staff an ardent admirer and sympathizer of an agnostic neo-pagan and seductive intellectual who is a grave menace to society. Mr. Canby's defence of Dr. Bertrand Russell is partly an insult to the intelligence and lofty moral aspirations of ethical and Christian American citizens who read and study your informative periodical.

Dr. Russell's notorious reputation as an adulturer and author of diverse volumes containing outlandishly immoral and seductive material is obviously enough to disqualify him as an instructor in any branch of philosophy in a public institution of higher learning. Do we not carry liberalism and "academic freedom" a bit too far when we fail to censure those who condone and advocate unethical conduct which tends to undermine the "moral fibers" of our nation?

Indirect as well as direct contributing to the delinquency of minors and adults is a serious offence and this is exactly what some of the works of Dr. Russell does to those of "too little learning," "the dangerous thing."

Philosophy is a subject that covers a vast field and extends to a certain degree to the sphere of morality. Indeed, it would be unlikely for Dr. Russell to refuse to voice his opinion on controversial moral problems when numerous inquiring students seek his aid in solving their social "philosophical" problems.

I sincerely hope that another editorial with the other side of the issue as stated in this letter will appear soon in your laudable publication to counteract the pro-Russell editorial of Mr. Canby.

CLARENCE PROVOST.
Beverly Hills, Cal.

Balancing the California Ballots

SIR:—The editorial on Bertrand Russell was so outstanding I wish to add my word of appreciation and commendation.

In this era of dominance of public opinion by persons whose state of arrested development seems to comprehend economic and social "salvation" only through some form of "statism," it is not surprising that Bertrand Russell's personal beliefs and speculations, should be assailed.

More power to you for writing and thinking as you did. Keep it up.

ROBBINS RUSSEL.
Redlands, Cal.

Who is this bird Confucius anyway?

Infer and Imply

SIR:—In the *SRL* of April 20 John Weld defends his "Don't You Cry for Me" against the criticisms of Clyde Brion Davis. It is, however, neither attack nor defense that provokes this letter, but Mr. Weld's use of the word *infer*. Speaking of certain alleged inaccuracies in the book, he says that Mr. Davis "infers [that] the book would have been pretty good if it hadn't been for them."

It is this use of the word *infer* for *imply* that troubles me. I should like to ask the editors of the *SRL* whether this usage, in spite of being frequent, is still not precisely and unpardonably wrong.

WILLIAM H. KILPATRICK.
New York City.

Garland Reliques

SIR:—Shortly before his death, Hamlin Garland extended until June, 1941, the loan of his literary treasures to Miami University. This means that we shall be able to fulfill a number of requests for exhibits to librarians who applied too late for arrangements in the present year. Moreover, we shall be able to consider a limited number of new applications.

Please let me add that my biographical study of Hamlin Garland is in its final stages. Therefore, I should like to communicate with any interested readers of *SRL* who have not known of my project. I should copy and promptly return any Garland letters lent me; and I should fully acknowledge the lenders' kindness.

ELDON C. HILL.
Miami Univ.,
Oxford, Ohio

Hitler and Catholicism

SIR:—Mr. Paul O'Connor in his letter in the April 6th *SRL* denies the statement made by one of your correspondents which appeared in March 2 *SRL*

> and Herr Hitler is still an unexcommunicated member of the Catholic Church.

Mr. O'Connor does not seem to understand the distinction between one who is excommunicable and one who has been excommunicated.

Excommunication is an ecclesiastical censure whereby the person against whom it is pronounced is cast out of the communion of the church; he is excluded from fellowship in things spiritual. In the Roman Catholic Church excommunication is of two kinds, the minor and the major. The minor excommunication is a suspension from the sacrament; the major is an absolute exclusion from the church and all its rights and advantages. There is a fundamental as well as an elementary distinction between one who is excommunicable (liable to or deserving of excommunication) and one who has actually been formally rebuked by the church. Mr. O'Connor's failure to make this distinction is the vital point at issue. The actual interdiction of Hitler and Mussolini by the Catholic Church would certainly have projected the moral issue before the world.

Mr. O'Connor comments that

> "facts are facts. Let's keep them straight."

A very helpful practice indeed.

ABRAHAM WILSON.
New York City.

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Dissenting Opinions

Authors who disagree with reviewers, or reviewers who disagree with authors, doubtless on occasions would welcome the chance to meet their critics face to face. Since very often they cannot, we hope every now and then to allow them to unlimber their heavy artillery on this battlefield.

More than once there has been an occasion when I have felt like writing a letter to some publication (never *The Saturday Review*) criticizing a criticism of some book in which I held a fatherly interest. I have managed to refrain, however, because I have observed that the critic's position is analogous to a land battery which can blow the complaining author out of the water.

Now, with Mr. John Weld's letter of April 20 criticizing my review of his "Don't You Cry for Me," I am astonished to find myself on the other side of the fence—in the critic's bulwark.

But I know just how Mr. Weld feels and I sympathize with him and I admire him for doing a thing I never dared do. Consequently I am not going to give him the business. At the same time, however, I cannot haul down my colors because I wrote my honest opinion about his book.

Mr. Weld says I erred in my date on "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," which invalidates my criticism of his errors. His characters sang the song in 1846. He says now it was published in 1848 instead of my 1850.

If he has gone to headquarters for his information, if he has checked in the Library of Congress or the copyright record, I offer my apology. However, in the music department of Buffalo's Grosvenor Reference Library there is filed a copy of a "Sweet Alice" first edition copyrighted in 1850. Of course that copy may be a counterfeit or something.

Perhaps I should say also that the reason I did not list any more inaccuracies in my review was not from lack of potential material. I simply employed the Gallup method of sampling a few representative suspect phrases.

After all, I could not follow his entire trail, checking point by point such as how a woman went about baking cookies when traveling in a covered wagon and if people actually used the term "daffy" in 1846, although Partridge's Dictionary of Slang gives the earliest known use as 1884.

CLYDE BRION DAVIS.

Hamburg, N. Y.

Paris sans Parisians

AN AMERICAN IN PARIS. By Janet Flanner ("Genet" of The New Yorker). *New York: Simon & Schuster.* 1940. 415 *pages.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HAROLD STEARNS

THOUGH an entertaining, provocative, and superbly well written collection of character studies, the title of Miss Flanner's book, "An American in Paris," is something of a misnomer; even the acid sub-title, "Profile of an Interlude between Two Wars," is hardly correct except as giving one a chronological key to the mood. In a word, this is a study of different personalities seen from a Paris background by an American; it is hardly the story of Miss Flanner herself in Paris, which is what one might have naively and perhaps hopefully expected. Indeed, only in the historical bird's-eye view of her excellent and sensible prefatory note, "All Gaul Is Divided," does Miss Flanner speak out in her own right as an American reflecting on the period in France between 1920 and 1940, and even there the date-line is Orgeval, Seine-et-Oise (where presumably she lived and did most of her work for this book, rather than Paris itself).

What is more, these character studies themselves are, so to speak, but incidentally and externally connected with Paris—and, in the case of Hitler, we can only hope will remain so, as in the case of Queen Mary we should be shocked if they turned out to be anything else. Igor Stravinsky, of course, was an international rather than a strictly Parisian possession; Edith Wharton loved France, yet she left her correspondence and biographical material to Yale; our own Ambassador Bullitt was born in upper-class Philadelphia and still retains some of its upper-class stigmata; and Isadora Duncan came out of California, trailing some of its eccentricities as well as its clouds of glory, among whom was, finally, that almost legendary party-giver, Elsa Maxwell, who started her skyrocketing social career with a boat-ride for her little friends (at their parents' expense) in San Francisco at the ripe age of ten.

A Drypoint by S. Van Abbé from "Fine Prints of the Year, 1931."

Of the dressmakers, spontaneously thought of as Parisian *par excellence,* the facts are these:—Mainbocher was born in Chicago; Elsa Schiaparelli is of a distinguished Italian family; and Gabrielle Chanel is an Auvergnate, which, to a Parisian, means something very like the relation of a Scotchman to a Londoner—and with much the same kind of jokes about close-fistedness concerning money, too. (In truth, of all the *couturiers* Miss Flanner discusses, only Paul Poiret is a true Parisian.)

To be sure, there is a delightful hundred-odd page section, called "Crime and Punishment"—grim yet humorous, shrewd yet sensitive, and full of real perception of French character—which deals almost exclusively with French crooks (like the formidable Mme. Hanau) and French murderers (or esses). One has the feeling, however, that Miss Flanner would have written as illuminatingly of almost any of our own gang and—more recently—syndicate murders, had she happened to have been assigned to the chronicling of them instead of having been *The New Yorker's* representative in France. Her sketches give a clear if somewhat unlovely glimpse into several neurotic and fantastic sides of exceptional French characters, showing Miss Flanner to be an extraordinarily good reporter.

But an everyday, routine, humdrum citizen of Paris, who pays his taxes, goes to church on Sunday morning and to the races on Sunday afternoon, plays checkers at his neighborhood *bistrot,* talks radical and votes conservative, and whose whole life centers around his little family (which does *not* often include an expensive mistress on the side)—well, I suppose it wasn't Miss Flanner's job to tell about *him.* Perhaps, indeed, she never met him. Very few Americans in Paris do meet him. And at least in that respect, if not stylistically, Miss Flanner is quite conventional, and her book is not a misnomer at all.

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The Ages of Persian Art

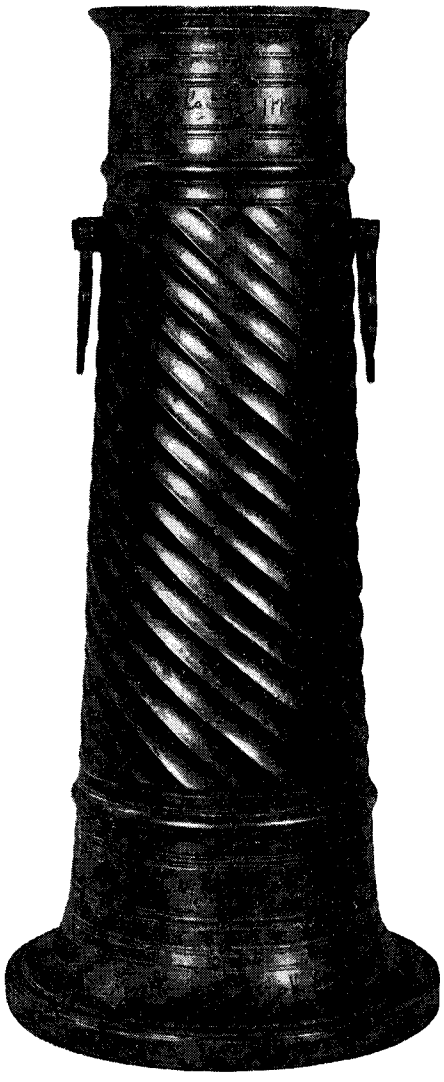
A SURVEY OF PERSIAN ART, From Prehistoric Times to the Present. Arthur Upham Pope, Editor; Phyllis Ackerman, Assistant Editor. 6 *vols. Oxford University Press.* $210.

Reviewed by GEORGE C. MILES

"THE old Iranian civilization died at Salamis, the most momentous event in the history of mankind, which decided between Asia and Europe." These startling words, unobtrusively emitted in the course of a dispassionate estimate of the contributions of early Iran to the civilization of the ancient world, are, when read with their implications, suitable apology for a book consisting of nearly three thousand pages of text and fifteen hundred plates. If we must write about the buried past—and there seem to be enough who believe we should—there is this much, and much more, to be written about the arts of Persia, which were born in the fourth (or was it the fifth?) millenium B.C., died at Salamis, came to life again and again with the foreign breath of Macedonians and Indians, Arabians, Turks, and Mongols, and died again at last within the memory of living man. Nor are these arts all buried; their heritage, rather, lives in our midst today. If Persian art were just the dry stuff on which archeologists feed, these heavy tomes would find their way only to stern and incorruptible academic shelves.

As it is, these volumes, so comprehensive in their content, and priced as they are (it must have cost a Persian prince's ransom to produce the illustrations), are intended not for the scholar's workshop but for the collector's library. The archeologist serves up his often bitter medicine in more concentrated doses, and the "learned journal" is usually the vessel. When he goes on holiday and writes for a wider public as he has done in this magnificent work, his material freshens by contact with the outside air, and the curious inquirer, if he can afford to read so sumptuously, discovers a world of unsuspected beauty in places and ages never dreamt of—Sakastan, Man, Mitannu, Atropatene, Trans-Soghdiana, Elam, Luristan, Azerbayjan, Khwarezm; Susa, Nihavand, Tepe Hisar, Afrasiyab, Kashan, Saveh, Amol; Kassites, Medians, Scythians, Parthians, Achaemenids, Sasanians, Saffarids, Buyids, Samanids, Ghaznavids, Seljuqs, Il-Khanids, Safavids. A grand procession of names.

There are now on exhibition in the old Union Club, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-first Street, New York City, masterpieces of Persian art comprising six thousand years of Persian culture. The exhibition is directed by Professor Arthur Upham Pope, director of the Iranian Institute and editor of the volumes reviewed on this page, who some time ago planned and arranged the magnificent International Exhibit held in London. According to Dr. Pope, the collections at the Union Club which are of course of general interest have special appeal for industrial designers and the practising architects for whose benefit models, plans, and photographic enlargements are displayed.—EDITOR'S NOTE.



Brass candle stick, 17th century. (From the Exhibition of Persian Art, Iranian Institute)

The editors' task has been a nearly impossible one (perhaps it would be nearer the truth to call it impossible without qualification): to assign each age and aspect of Persian art to a competent authority, and to bring to the whole work some semblance of unity and a sense of continuity; this in addition to the usual, and in this case, voluminous, mechanical duties of editorship. On the whole they have succeeded remarkably well. Where it was not possible to find the competent authority who was willing to contribute, they themselves have tried to fill the gap. Continuity has not always been achieved, often simply because in the present state of research it is historically lacking; and there is an unevenness of standard and quality which is inevitable in a composite work of many contributors.

In brief, this reviewer would offer a criticism of the work where others, including some of the promoters of the "Survey," have given their most generous praise: its great size detracts from, rather than contributes to its success, when measured in any terms other than magnificence. This is not the place for detailed criticism or comment; that must be left to the scholars and their learned journals. Here, aside from these general observations, it is fitting rather to give some idea of the riches that the owner of these volumes will possess.

The first volume begins with a chapter by the principal editor on the significance of Persian art and carries the reader from the prehistoric cultures of Iran down through the Sasanian period. Professor Herzfeld and Sir Arthur Keith contribute a valuable summary of "Iran as a Prehistoric Centre;" prehistoric art is represented by various excavators and commentators, including MM. De Mecquenem (of Susa), Contenau, and Dussaud. The latter writes the first comprehensive statement of the fascinating bronzes of Luristan. Personal ornaments receive rather more than their due, and seals rather less. The treatment of Achaemenid art is inclusive but uneven; and a number of contributors struggle valiantly with the elusive Parthian culture. Certainly the best achievement in this latter section is Mr. E. T. Newell's chapter on the Parthian coinages. Sasanian architecture is competently handled by Professor Reuther, and the great Friedrich Sarre contributes a chapter on Sasanian stone sculpture. Dr. Richard Ettinghausen, in charac-

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teristically thorough fashion, does some admirable spade work in Parthian and Sasanian pottery, and the assistant editor, whose wide knowledge and versatility are demonstrated throughout the work, writes authoritatively on the early phases of her own subject, the textiles. A chapter of much interest and value on "Sasanian and Early Islamic Metalwork" is contributed by Professor Orbeli, while the editors and other writers deal with Sasanian stucco, jewelry, cloisonné enamel, seals, the coinage (a disappointing chapter), and iconography (a suggestive exploration by Dr. Ackerman). Thus 895 pages bring us to the threshold of volume two and the beginnings of Islamic art in Persia.

Volume two, which is as bulky as volume one, contains Islamic architecture, ceramics, calligraphy, and epigraphy. If we except M. Godard's monograph contributions, the less said about the architecture the better, although to be sure the reader will not fail to perceive what a magnificent field of study Persian Islamic architecture is. Mr. Pope is in his element when he writes eloquently and at great length on the pottery. This chapter is a book in itself and is, to date, the definitive treatment of this superlative art. Dr. Ettinghausen, who has made important contributions to the history of Persian ceramics elsewhere, appends a list of dated faience which constitutes an indispensable handbook for the student or collector.

Volume three is even fatter than the first two: in it the late Sir Thomas Arnold, Professor Kühnel, Dr. Ackerman, Professor Massignon, Dr. Ettinghausen, and several others treat competently of the history of painting and the art of the book; the editors display their wide and authoritative acquaintance with textiles and carpets; and various minor arts, are handled by a number of different writers.

Volumes four, five, and six contain as splendid a collection of plates, many of them in full color, as anyone could ask. Here are the great arts of Persia presented without stint, telling their own story, unhampered by footnotes and scholarly apparatus. There can be nothing but praise for these superb reproductions, for the range and choice of subject selected for illustration, and, let us not forget, for the mysterious genius of Iran, a land of many nations, which created the originals,—from the prowling prehistoric panther on a cup from Damghan to Riza Abbasi's delightful caricatures of the 17th Century. In fact, if there were occasion for choice, this reviewer would take these three volumes and let the others go. A seventh volume, which will appear "after the war," will contain bibliographies and indices.

Armenian Horse and Buggy Doctor

A MAN WHO FOUND A COUNTRY. By A. Nakashian. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 1940. 279 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by LOUIS ADAMIC

THE veins of American life run rich with the variegated experience of its polygenetic population. The diverse strains that have gone into its making, one working upon the other, in prolonged process, are perhaps as often engaged in cross-purposes as toward any happy homogeneousness, but there is invigorating vitality.

Dr. Nakashian's book is an account of the background of an Armenian who became an American. It is also the account of a racial background

(From "A Man Who Found a Country")

The Hakim, primitive doctor of Armenia.

that has been extended into America, is in the process of slow integration with America, and has already produced such a distinctively American phenomenon as William Saroyan.

Avedis Nakashian must be in his early seventies. There will aways be some doubt as to his exact age, however, for the people of Aintab, the Turkish town where he was born, seldom bothered with such things as birth certificates. "Your existence was accepted as proof of birth and a few years one way or the other made little difference."

Education in primitive Turkey was a simple procedure. One learned by the stick. This prevailed until the arrival of Christian missionaries from America who brought to the Armenian people more modern methods and new ideas in general.

Perhaps it can be said here that Dr. Nakashian does not lack for that sly, waspish sense of humor which is also Saroyan's. It seems to be a national gift. The commonplace is presented with such naiveté and disarming candor that a special flavor is immediately given to the whole. The serious often verges on the ludicrous, and tragedy is never too remote from comedy.

It is in this spirit that Dr. Nakashian depicts his early schooling, the years of medical training at the American University at Beyrouth (he got his degree in 1887), and later, his work at Urfa and among the natives of the back country, where superstition so abounded the doctor was forced on occasion into methods equally dubious, even if more effective. He did not lack for patients. The people, living in unsanitary conditions, ridden by centuries of disease, surrounded by ignorance, came to him in increasing numbers. There was no opportunity for specialization. In one day he might perform an operation for hernia, then an eye operation, treat several patients for knife wounds, make his rounds and so on.

By reason of the scarcity of doctors in the Ottoman Empire and in the new Turkey, and his own skill, Dr. Nakashian was propelled time and again into situations that were not of his choosing. In this way he was brought into contact with bandits, high Turkish governmental officials, and officers in the Turkish army, who were massacring his fellow Armenians the while he treated them for their various ills. His adventures as a country doctor rival those of some legendary character. He is quick to admit, however, that when it came to a choice, he preferred to flee and save his own life rather than face danger. In like vein, he confesses that in treating patients he did not hesitate to charge for his services all that the traffic would bear, all that the patient could afford, although the poor so far outnumbered the rich that in the end it was not the doctor who gained. It is this good-natured honesty that makes this autobiography so human.

The tottering Ottoman Empire wreaked horrible measures upon the helpless Armenian minority; no less horrible were the atrocities committed by the Young Turks. Dr. Nakashian, suspected mistakenly of being a revolutionary, was deported, imprisoned in a remote town, and saved from death only through the intercession of an influential friend and the American Ambassador. His friends in prison were shot a few days after he was released. . . . Those were terrible

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days, here portrayed in vivid, searing pictures.

Dr. Nakashian's book is not without value as an historical document. A clear picture of Turkey is presented. The fabric of Armenian history is woven in rich Oriental colors; it is the history of a people against whom every force conspired, but who endured. Dr. Nakashian tells this story in simple words, but nonetheless graphically. A vital account emerges.

In 1924, disheartened by the bloodshed and weary of living in such precarious circumstances, Dr. Nakasian came to America to find security and peace. He now lives in New York City.

"A Man Who Found a Country" is simply, eloquently written for the most part, almost in the manner of discourse. It is the sort of tale an immigrant grandfather might tell a favored grandson, to impress him with the dignity of his background in the old country, the vital heritage that has sustained a people through the centuries. Or to reveal to him the pattern of a man's life, which has been rich and varied, and not without its lessons.

Yankee Queen

MARGARET FULLER: Whetstone of Genius. By Mason Wade. New York: The Viking Press. 1940. 304 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by KATHARINE ANTHONY

MARGARET FULLER has always been and will always remain one of the most romantic figures in American history. The facts of her life, whether briefly stated as in the "Dictionary of American Biography" or expanded into a three hundred page volume as in Mr. Wade's book, are intrinsically dramatic. Her fate was full of contrasts: a mere woman who was mannishly ambitious, a provincial lady who played a part in the great world, a paragon with a career who risked all for love, and a dutiful daughter who cast her lot with revolutionists challenges the imagination. Added to the rest she had a pioneering spirit, which presupposes the qualities of daring and heroism.

Mr. Wade's biography does not lose sight of these values. For all his careful documentation, he has a sympathetic touch for the dramatic climaxes of Margaret Fuller's life. But his book is less characterized by an atmosphere of romance than by a wide-ranging research and a wealth of social and historical detail in the background. He has pictured for us the intellectual heyday of New England and the group of extraordinary idealists who belonged to it. Emerson, Alcott, Channing, Hawthorne, Elizabeth Peabody, *et al., et al.,* re-enact their parts in the bygone transcendental scene. Brook Farm and early Chicago meet in these pages, for Margaret Fuller's life embraced both experiments. Her sojourns in England and France introduce the companionable figures of Jane Carlyle and George Sand. By the indefatigable perusal of yellowed *Tribune* columns Mr. Wade has supplied the background of Margaret's last two years. He has taken the pains then, by synthesizing all this material to place her in relation to the social, intellectual, and political movements of her time.

Against this impressively-wrought background the life story of Margaret Fuller runs its adventurous course. Born the eldest child, she was educated as a son by her Harvard-bred lawyer father. She grew up to be a blue-stocking (a term imported from England) and a minority sympathizer like her father. At his death the burden of a large family fell upon her shoulders — a burden which she was never afterwards wholly to lay down. She worked as a teacher, a lecturer, and a writer; and, adopting the historic transcendentalist pose, achieved a certain amount of fame. One of the most important steps in her development was the removal of her working life to New York, by which she accomplished her emancipation from Boston Brahminism. After New York came her long-postponed trip to Europe, her literary contacts in England and France, and her involvement in the Italian revolt of 1848. One of the new impressions that one gains from Mr. Wade's pages is that of the incessant activity by which she met her various obligations. She died still in debt for the passage money which was to have carried herself, her husband, and her child safely back to New York. Already famous, she became by her early and tragical death by shipwreck an American legend.

Mr. Wade's biography is sympathetic, serious, and agreeably informative. One questions it only for one oddity—that of giving so much attention to Hawthorne. The novelist's irresponsible attack on Margaret Fuller, written nine years after her death, seems to be for him a ghost that will not down. But it is hardly worthy of so much exorcizing.

BRITANNIA: TWO VIEWS

(*Continued from page* 6)

pears—though I may entirely misunderstand him—to celebrate the death of England. His method, however, is calculated to appease the censor and the critic; for he attacks everything impartially—the Right, the Left, the Centre. Politically, Mr. Muggeridge is non-existent, and such people are hardly dangerous. He is also a most amusing, and, on occasions, a most witty writer; he is even, in his gentle and negative way, serious: and his book may be said to run through the whole gamut of minor emotions from a giggle to a sob.

He traverses the last decade, and his theme is therefore the familiar one of how a democracy, still clutching at the principles and practices of nineteenth century liberalism, attempted to maintain itself in a world that seemed to have less and less use for such things. There are two ways of presenting this theme: either one can say that English statesmen (and consequently the voting public which acquiesced in their rule) betrayed democracy; or one can maintain that, considering the difficulties with which they had to contend, they defended it. Mr. Muggeridge avoids committing himself to either of these propositions by the simple process of disapproving of everything. But he goes even further. He turns the 30s into a legendary period. He indicates the chief political changes, and surrounds them with a number of facts, culled from newspapers and periodicals, and intended to show a corresponding change in *mores*. His selection and arrangement of these facts is such that everything and everybody seems in the highest degree improbable. Statesmen, politicians, financiers, writers, conservatives, progressives, royalty, economists, bishops — they meet and mingle in these pages, like fantastic shadows, and from them all arises a kind of twittering, like the voice of those who inhabited Homer's underworld.

It is all very odd. Here is Sir Nevile, in a book that is the literary equivalent of a weak smile, telling us how with the best intentions he helped to run the ship upon the rocks; and here is Mr. Muggeridge remarking that, after all, the passengers and crew were a pretty crazy lot. However, Miss Rebecca West, Mr. Harold Nicolson, Mr. James Agate, and others have praised "The Sun Never Sets"; so who is this reviewer to say that it is defeatist? Besides, it is most amusing—no doubt of that. Read it and laugh, and then go out and have a good stiff drink.

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"ST. NICHOLAS"

(*Continued from page* 7)

best work extant on juvenile life in Holland.

IN the summer of 1873, while plans were forming, *Scribner's* ran an article on editing for the young, unsigned but written by Mrs. Dodge, outlining her broad-minded program. I wish there were room for all of it.

> We edit for the approval of fathers and mothers [she said] a milk-and-water variety of a magazine for adults. . . . But, in fact, the child's magazine needs something stronger, truer, bolder, more uncompromising than the other. . . . The cheer must be the cheer of the bird song. . . . Let there be no sermonizing, either, no wearisome spinning out of facts, no rattling of dry bones. . . . The ideal child's magazine is a pleasure ground.

To countless delighted youngsters *St. Nicholas* was just that.

"Conducted" was certainly the right word for Mrs. Dodge's unique achievement, for she led her contributors like some impresario, drawing out their best efforts, producing a sort of children's symphony of magazine, a harmonious blending of lively interest with subtle influence.

Frank Stockton was assistant editor, but he left after five years to devote himself to writing, and a young man who had been on the staff from the beginning, William Fayal Clarke, took his place. When Mrs. Dodge died he became editor, and these two were responsible for fifty golden years of *St. Nicholas*. Stockton remained a faithful and welcome contributor, his factual serials, "What Might Have Been Expected" and "A Jolly Fellowship," soon overshadowed by his witty and fantastic fairy tales. When in 1881 *Scribner's* was sold to become *The Century, St. Nicholas* went away with it, and there in the benign atmosphere of the most urbane editorial rooms in America on the north side of Union Square it spent most of those fifty years. In 1930 *The Century* suspended, and *St. Nicholas* began that checkered career of changing from hands to hopeful hands until now its fortunes rest with Mrs. Stern.

That first number of *St. Nick* that seemed so enchanting to print-hungry minds, looked at now by older eyes appears to have been somewhat hastily thrown together from odds and ends, with little promise of the richness to come, but to us it had few flaws. Though most of the matter was trivial, there were some great names, for among the contributors to Number 1, Volume I, were Noah Brooks, Rebecca Harding Davis, Frank R. Stockton, Lucretia P. Hale, Donald G. Mitchell, and two poets whose verse was to be a constant feature, Celia Thaxter and Lucy Larcom. And during the first year that by no means undistinguished list was to be increased by Louisa M. Alcott, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, William Cullen Bryant, Hezekiah Butterworth, Elizabeth Wells Champney, Rose Terry Cook, Susan Coolidge, Helen Hunt Jackson, Edward Everett Hale, Bret Harte, John Hay, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Rossiter Johnson, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, C. A. Stephens, J. T. Trowbridge, and Charles Dudley Warner. No comparable list could be secured today by a juvenile publication.

Practical observation of nature was encouraged by every device. Olive Thorne (Miller), well-informed bird-lover, was a frequent contributor. The Agassiz Association began in the eighties, directed by Harlan H. Ballard, to set groups of boys breaking rocks in search for fossils, and skimming stagnant ponds for frogs' eggs. Another device to make learning agreeable was stories in French and German, even one in Latin, for young linguists to try their powers. It was all successfully disguised as play, and a lot of potential talent was uncovered.

The "how to" articles should not be overlooked, tools and wood carving, model villages, "One Hundred Christmas Presents and How to Make Them," setting young fingers to work with paste pot and shears, chisel and knife. Later came Dan Beard with his woodcraft paving the way for the Boy Scouts. That small boy who is now writing this owes an incalculable debt to *St. Nicholas*. From it sprang most of the hobbies that now occupy his leisure hours. "Phaeton Rogers," by Rossiter Johnson, gave him his life-long interest in printing, and practically his job.

THE serials made books that became famous juvenile literature: "Eight Cousins" and "Jack and Jill," by Louisa M. Alcott; "The Boy Emigrants," by Noah Brooks; "Hoosier Schoolboy," by Edward Eggleston; "Polly Oliver's Problem," by Kate Douglas Wiggin; "Captain January," by Laura E. Richards; "Daddy Long Legs," by Jean Webster, and stories or poems by E. P. Roe, Alice Hegan Rice, G. A. Henty, Carolyn Wells, A. A. Milne, and Hezekiah Butterworth

Walt Disney's animal characters had forerunners in 1876.

(borrowed from *Youth's Companion*, whose "Zigzag Journeys" will be remembered by old boys), Richard Harding Davis, Joel Chandler Harris, Thomas Nelson Page, William Dean Howells, Theodore Roosevelt, L. Frank Baum.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy," by Frances Hodgson Burnett, with a boost from the play, was a sentimental success, but the sissified costume so detested by boys in the nineties, owes more to Reginald Birch, who illustrated the story, than to Mrs. Burnett. Mrs. Dodge was doubtful about Mark Twain at first, but later she accepted his "Tom Sawyer Abroad." Kipling begged to be allowed to contribute. "I am not sure you can," bantered Mrs. Dodge. "Do you think you are equal to it?" "Oh, but I must and shall," protested the author of "Plain Tales," "for my sister and I used to scramble for *St. Nicholas* when I was a kid." The result of that colloquy was "The Jungle Books."

Jack London, San Francisco wharf-rat, was reclaimed from a life of vicious idleness or worse, by reading *St. Nicholas*, and contributed "The Cruise of the Dazzler" in grateful acknowledgment. Palmer Cox's Brownies were to their age what Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck are to ours. Mrs. Dodge was herself a voluminous contributor. Besides her departments, she wrote serials under her own name, shorter articles and stories signed M. M. D., and for her verse used the name Joel Stacy. Charles E. Carryl's "Davy and the Goblin" is the authentic "Alice in Wonderland of America," still alluded to nostalgically by that old sentimentalist, F. P. A.

No account of the old *St. Nicholas*

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would be complete without mention of the nonsense verses, though they were known as jingles then, which brightened the pages from the beginning. Mr. Pearson grows lyric in his enthusiasm, in the article already quoted, finds the limericks better than Edward Lear's, mourns that no such stuff is written now, and quotes J. F. Francis's delightful idiocy:

They didn't have a penny
And couldn't borrow any
And they owed exactly half a dime
for coal:
So they said "We'll run away,"
When a goose came out to say:
"You must pay two cents apiece
all 'round for toll.'"

The one I remember best after sixty-four years, never consciously committed but by repeated reading, the reading of a child that retains so tenaciously, is by Laura E. Richards, that amazing woman, ninety years old now. Its easy-running lines, characteristic of all her light verse, still repeat themselves in my head during wakeful nights:

The owl and the eel and the warming pan,
They went to call on the soap-fat man.
The soap-fat man, he was not within;
He'd gone for a ride on his rolling-pin;
So they all came back by the way of the town,
And turned the meeting-house upside down.

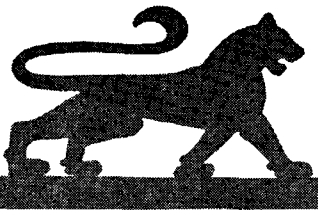
From the very beginning departments were a feature affording its versatile editor disguises from which to talk to her beloved boys and girls. "The Riddle Box" in the initial issue, began to train the present crop of crossword-puzzle addicts. "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" was the editorial page, stimulating, understanding, and whimsical, and soon two more characters emerged, Deacon Green, mouthpiece for odd bits of information; The Little Schoolm'am sponsored the more instructive features. When letters from delighted readers began to pile up, "The Letter Box" was opened to give them air, and this flowered first into "The Young Contributors' Department," further tempting readers' creative powers, and then into *"St. Nicholas* League," under the direction of Alfred Bigelow Paine, one of the most fertile seedbeds for budding American geniuses in magazine history.

This really startling discovery was made by E. B. White, himself no mean example of that provocative department as a whetstone for youthful intellects. He broadcast it in an article in *The New Yorker* six years ago, citing a long list of names now known to arts and letters and "Who's Who." Among them are Robert E. Jones, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Scott Fitzgerald, Ring Lardner, all the Benéts, Robert Benchley, Newman Levy, Babette Deutsch, John Farrar, Morris Ryskind, Elinor Wylie, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Deems Taylor, Alan Seegar, Sigmund Spaeth, Norman Bel Geddes, Cory Ford, Peggy Bacon, Faith Baldwin, Bennett Cerf, Edmund Wilson, and even several from England, among them Stella Benson, Susan Ertz, and Victoria Sackville-West. White himself and William Benét found their wives among fellow leaguers. These and many others hardly less distinguished were in the early years of the present century winning gold and silver badges, and having their poems, sketches, stories, and drawings printed in *"St. Nicholas* League."

Unfortunately, not being able to look forward to myself sixty years hence, I had not preserved the volumes bound up from the numbers that came to our house so regularly. They were dispatched to some Kansas cousins less fortunate than we. But when I last visited my old home town in Illinois, a friend of my boyhood about to break up housekeeping, consulted me about the disposal of the first ten volumes of *St. Nicholas,* no longer possessed of an attic in which to lie.

"Give them to me," I begged, trying to keep the note of anxiety out of my voice. "I will make good use of them."

And I certainly did. I brought them back to New York as personal luggage, and for months I went through them in delighted but wistful reminiscenses. It was hardly necessary to reread. I almost knew them by heart.



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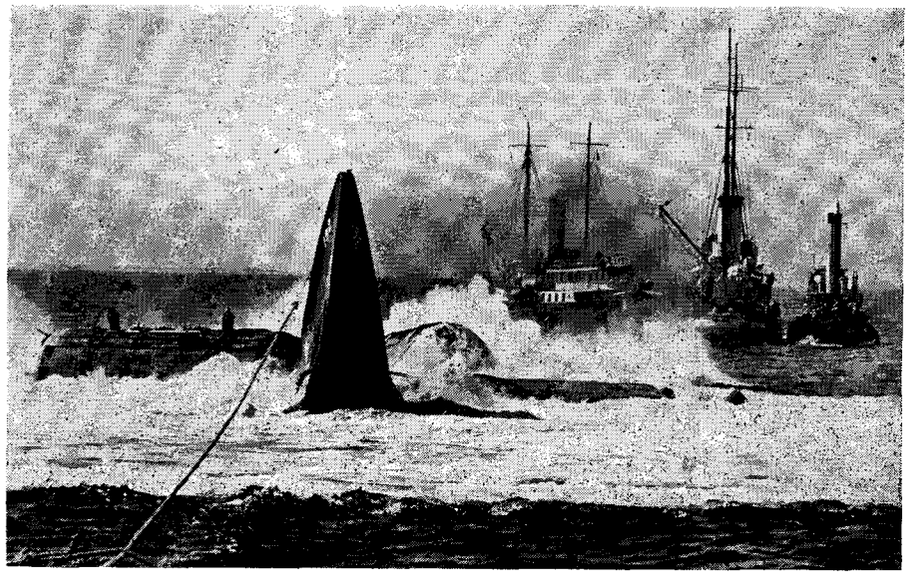
The Drama of The "Squalus"

BLOW ALL BALLAST! The Story of the Squalus. *By Nat A. Barrows. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.* 1940. 298 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT



James A. Jones

Reclaiming the *Squalus*

THE late Heywood Broun could make yesterday's ball game the most important and exciting event since Pickett charged Hancock —and this is about what Mr. Barrows has accomplished with the episodic, complex, and familiar story of the *Squalus.* He has achieved a piece of reporting so spectacularly good that it is history. It leaves nothing unexplained, nothing uncomprehended, nothing unsaid, and it accomplishes the feat without the use of a single emotional adjective.

Mainly Mr. Barrows employs his stripped and forceful narrative for the same reason the baseball reporter does—he has so much information to convey in a comparatively small space that he simply cannot afford to indulge any temptation to ramble. How did he get all this information? Well, he was one of the Boston reporters who rushed up to Portsmouth in fast cars when the news flash of the *Squalus* sinking came over the wires. He was on a press launch during the rescue efforts, and worked a ruse to get aboard the *Falcon* in time to be the first civilian to speak to the sub's crew as they were taken from the rescue chamber. He seems to have covered the closing stages of the salvage job and to have been present at the plenary portions of the proceedings of the court of inquiry.

This first-hand contact he backed up by personal interviews with all the survivors who could be reached, with as many as possible of the divers who worked on the twin rescue and salvage jobs, with officers, wives, technical men. Not every navy would have allowed him such unrestricted access to persons and files. But this one did; he got all those accounts of the same series of events as they impressed different minds, and pieced them together, balancing one against another. The result is a narrative that shifts frequently in place and characters, occasionally in time. But the shifts are managed with extreme skill. One is hardly conscious of them as interruptions, the effect is that of a single skein of event, to which individuals contribute threads of incident.

On the reader this produces something analogous to the suspension of disbelief in good fiction. One might call it a suspension of information, something that allows the participating reader to forget that he knows how the story will come out, and to be excited by the process. A fine book, an interesting book, for seaman and layman; the literary sequel to Ellsberg's "On the Bottom" as the *Squalus* salvage job was the technical sequel of Ellsberg's operations on the corpse of the *S-51.*

Fletcher Pratt is the author of a Naval War Game to be published soon. He is the author of several books, and has dealt much with naval and military history.

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DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

CHART FOR ROUGH WATER

BY WALDO FRANK

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 318)

JOHN DEWEY

FREEDOM AND CULTURE

For in the long run democracy will stand or fall with the possibility of maintaining its faith in the potentialities of human nature and justifying it by works. . . . Because it is not easy, the democratic road is the hard one to take.

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THOMAS BEER: ARISTOCRAT OF LETTERS

(*Continued from page* 4)

now hastened to applaud this prodigiousness of white stucco pinned to iron between Chicago's smoky breast and the blue water." But in the Hanna he has this lean account of Hanna's collaboration with Theodore Roosevelt. "He admired Roosevelt's drive. The little cuss could work like a nigger, persuading and hinting until he got his way. He knew how to handle people. So did Mr. Hanna, and in 1902 the team of powerful men took all these malleable things at the Capitol and arranged them to their own wishes. They had come by power and used it. Both materialists, they made a double point in that high materialism which delights poets five hundred years after its force has thrown up that vastness of a wall against a flood, that roof, that pyramid. They chose to build."

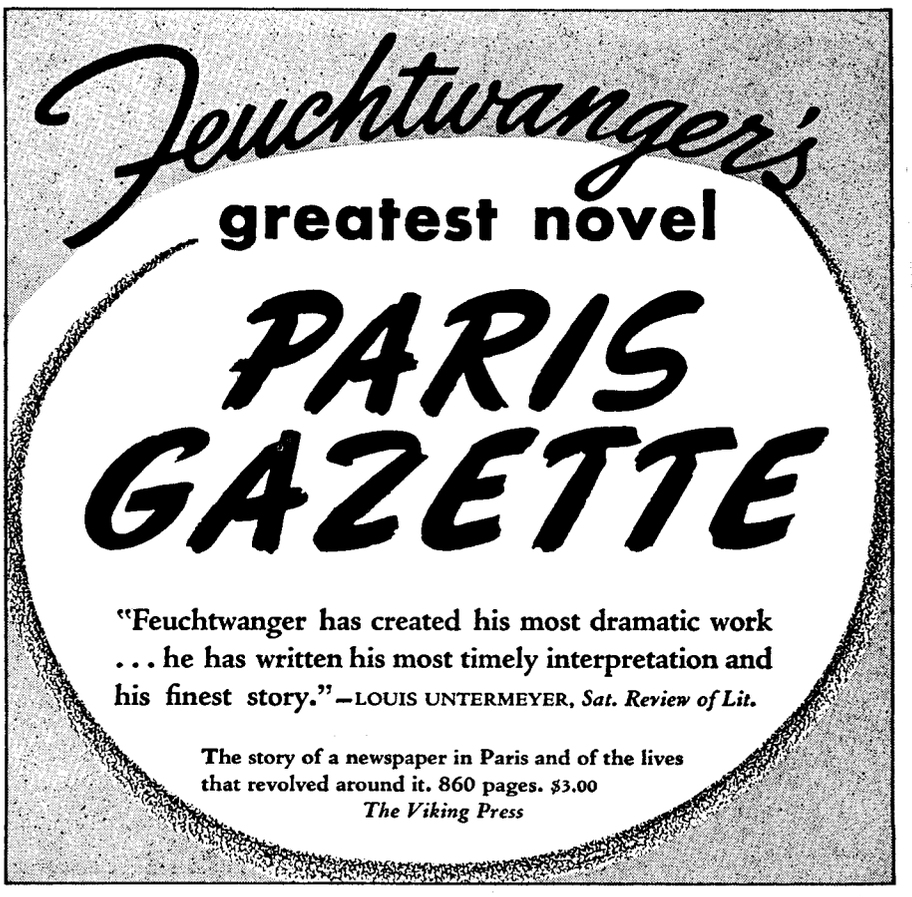
One does not take anything away from the real qualities of Thomas Beer's fiction to say that even the best of his novels, "Sandoval," does not reach the level of his literary studies. As a novelist, he arranged his incidents almost in the fashion that a pointillist arranges his colors in painting, in tiny shots of pigment that were supposed to blend at a distance. The intensity of the palette, the beauty of the individual patch, are undeniable; but his imagined characters lack solidity; seen close at hand they form temporary clusters of sensations, moods, perceptions, rather than four-square human beings. As for his short stories, Beer permitted only a single volume of them to be published; and one is tempted to begrudge the hours that went into their writing, for they diverted him from those tasks which he alone could superbly perform. Is it by accident that Beer's stories lack the full pungency of his humor? His irony sprang, above all, out of intellectual contrasts.

That Thomas Beer spent so much of his talent on popular fiction was a weakness that arose out of the excess of a virtue; namely: his high talent for hospitality and for lordly acts of generosity. He wrote these short stories (which he disdained even to speak about in private) so that he might bestow upon his friends a hundred delicate attentions, sharp-eyed acts of succour, gifts of books, flowers, etchings, wine, a prodigality in which imagination outran prudence. Beer gave as only a very rich man could afford to give; but as the chronically rich, in truth, rarely succeed in giving. Every one of Beer's friends who enjoyed his bounty must share a sense of sorrow, even of guilt, over these gifts of friendship, which hindered him from exercising to the full his true gifts of talent.

During the last year of his life, Thomas Beer encountered days of poverty; he ceased to write the stories that had once been so profitable; the bubbling spring of his generosities perforce dried up; and to make matters worse, he experienced an illness of body and mind that for three or four years made work impossible. But he kept his own quiet dignity through this period of trial; for there was a gallantry in him that was unassailable. In the year before his death, he emerged from this shadow, and started writing once more. He had lost his easy zest for creating fiction; but a book on the psychology of color had long been on the stocks; he was about to do a series of new critical evaluations; in time, he might have done a chronicle of his generation in America such as no other man of letters or historian could even have sketched.

Beer's death cut short all these possibilities. But it leaves among his works nothing that was not good of its kind; nothing that was not written by a true artist and a distinguished craftsman; nothing that was not created by a luminous intelligence, whose sense of human values was usually quick and just. Beer's prodigious memory died with him: an irreparable loss; and only a small fragment of his potential achievement remains in his printed pages. Precious in themselves, his talents are doubly precious by reason of their rare embodiment.

In the copy of "Sandoval" I drew from a country library before writing this essay, there is on the last leaf a pencilled quotation, in a bold and feminine hand formed in the eighties. "As we rise in the scale of being," the hand says, "the anxieties and sorrows of life pass into discipline, and discipline into virtue." Beer would undoubtedly have winced at this sentiment, he who had indeed risen to virtue, through the anxieties and sorrows of life; but he would have enjoyed the accidental turning up of these words in his book; and I can even see the flicker of a wry, deprecatory smile on his lips at the hint that I might pin the sentiment to his literary life, as an epitaph. He was too noble not to turn aside hastily, embarrassed, at the thought of being detected in his nobility. For Beer had not discovered aristocracy in the flaunting nineties; nor had he discovered it in the sordid New York of the bootleg era. But he had at least created one veritable aristocrat: himself; and the witness of that creation in his work.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Tweaking the Lion's Tail

MEN OF MARQUE: Baltimore Privateers in the War of 1812. By John Philips Cranwell and William B. Crane. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1940. 426 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ROGER SHAW

BETWEEN 1812 and 1815 the little coastal United States, then resembling something like South American Chile, fought a sea war with the British Empire. The number of British warships at that time—ships o' the line, frigates, gunboats—was astronomical. In addition, British armaments had just been reinforced by two new inventions: the Congreve rocket and the Shrapnel shell. Behind the navy of the late lamented Nelson stood a solid tradition; that of Trafalgar, Copenhagen, and the Nile.

To face this formidable maritime array, the United States had a small, new regular navy. It consisted, largely, of heavily over-gunned frigates, which could outshoot His Majesty's frigates, on the one hand, and run away from His Majesty's ships o' the line, on the other. These Yankee frigates were the German pocket-battleships of their epoch, and employed the same tactical principles. The Lords of the Admiralty considered them grossly unsporting, and said so. Theodore Roosevelt's "Naval War of 1812" presents a fair and detailed series of pictures, relative to these "regular" American warships, under construction, at sea, and in action.

But the other side of the picture was—the American privateers. Each of these commerce raiders was a privately, or jointly, owned capitalistic investment, intended to pay dividends in cold, hard prize-money. They came from all the ports of our lengthy Atlantic seaboard, but Baltimore was a favorite fitting-out spot. These so-called Baltimore clippers raised havoc, and forced His Majesty's commerce into a convoy system that reminds one of 1940. By mid-August, 1812, some fifty-six American privateers stood at sea: Baltimore thirteen, Salem nine, New York nine, Boston four, Philadelphia four, Maine-to-New Orleans thirteen. In the course of the war, Baltimore sent out no less than 126 private armed vessels — "never surpassed in point of numbers, and seldom equaled in the damage done."

Radical Baltimore City was an especial thorn in the Lion's tail. New England was anglophile in 1812-15, but Maryland was thoroughly anglophobe in feeling. The British were particularly assiduous in their blockade of Chesapeake Bay, and it was their unsuccessful siege of Baltimore that produced the "Star-Spangled Banner."

The bigshots of the Baltimore privateersmen—some privateered in Latin America afterwards—were Boyle, Almeda, Barney, Southcomb, Veasey, Moon, Grant, and Murphy. Their craft generally were 200 tonners, a hundred feet long. Messrs. Cranwell and Crane are to be congratulated. Their work is authoritative, easy to read, and accompanied by remarkable statistical appendices, based on original sources. Like Mars himself, they have the souls not of romantics, but of sensible business men. And business—*big* business, indeed—was the founting inspiration of Baltimore clipperdom.

Roger Shaw is the author of "Fifty American Battles."

Art and Beauty

A HISTORY OF ESTHETICS. By Katherine Everett Gilbert and Helmut Kuhn. Macmillan. 1939. 582 *pp., with index.* $4.25.

PROFESSORS Gilbert and Kuhn offer us a comprehensive and detailed account of what art and beauty have meant in the past as seen through the eyes of the outstanding philosophers and critics of Western culture. Their story, told with masterly economy yet without sacrifice of important details, begins with the theories of the Greeks and ends with a brief survey of contemporary opinion. Especially full and excellent summaries are given of the thought of Plato and Aristotle, and of the ponderous, systematic contributions of the Classic German writers. Their catholicity of interest in all manners of approach to esthetics and art enable the authors to include such diverse matters as Helmholtz's investigations into the physiological basis of music. The material provided through their painstaking scholarship and sensitive historical devotion will serve as a genuinely valuable source and guide.

JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

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says:

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She is writing of the novel which is the story of the forbidden love Doon Erin had for handsome Brian Quinn, and of what happened to their daughter, Leath, in the roaring town of South Vulcan, in Pennsylvania. Just published, 350 pages, $2.50.

PILGRIMS ON THE EARTH

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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
HEAD OVER HEELS IN MURDER *Ione Sandberg Shriber* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Rich and nasty young widow fatally conked after up-state N. Y. dance. Sisters, cousins, and aunts quizzed by Lieut. Grady.	One of those dreat, bid, dreffful family affairs, better done than most, and reminiscent of many—with neat trick at finish.	Entertaining
THE SNATCH *R. L. Goldman* (Coward, McCann: $2.)	Movie idol returns to home town as publicity stunt, is "kidnapped" and killed. Keen eyed reporter excels as sleuth.	Refreshing dialogue and veracious characterizations joined to puzzle that has tense moments and startling solution.	Above average
GIVE THANKS TO DEATH *Hilea Bailey* (Crime Club: $2.)	Arthritic mid-Western investigator, aided by agile and nimble-witted daughter, punctures plans of killer to decimate fated family.	Drammer laid on with trowel but not so thick that it fogs sound plot and some ultra-smart deducing.	Worthwhile
DEATH IN THE SUN *Charles Saxby* (Dutton: $2.)	Members of ultra-modernistic dance-opera troupe in Cal. desert resort get terribly tangled in double killing with mid-air finish.	Brilliant atmosphere, tortuous plot, outlandish characters, wry comedy, and denouement that doesn't get anywhere but is entirely jake.	Good

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THE NEW BOOKS

Art

PERSIAN PAINTING FROM MINIATURES XIII-XVI CENTURIES. Twelve color plates, with an introduction by Basil Gray. Oxford University Press. 1940. $2.75.

This latest of the "Iris Books" offers a dozen faithful reproductions after superb Persían miniatures of the fully developed style. There is an enlightening introduction by Mr. Basil Gray of the British Museum, and sufficient commentary on the plates. Within its modest scope it is hard to imagine anything more acceptable to an art-lover whose purse is leaner than his taste. Persian is interpreted strictly, to the exclusion of those superb early miniatures which are rather Arabic. Again an austere definition of painting eliminates, perhaps regrettably, the exquisite linear type of miniature with which the art closes.

F. J. M., Jr.

Fiction

WILD GEESE CALLING. By Stewart Edward White. Doubleday, Doran. 1940. 577 *pp.* $2.75.

The best feature of this novel is its description of life in the American backwoods. Stewart Edward White knows the forests of the Pacific Northwest and he knows the fastnesses of Alaska. He captures the spirit and atmosphere of those places in his story of a lumberjack and his wife who niche a home in the wilderness. In some respects the book is reminiscent of passages from Katherine Pinkerton's "Wilderness Wife." Sally Murdock struggles against hardships and loneliness; but in the end she is glad when her husband decides to stay in the wilderness instead of setting off in quest of new adventures. Pride of ownership makes Sally forget the vicissitudes of backwoods life.

Mr. White's accounts of logging operations are vivid and exciting. The great fir and pine groves are familiar scenes to him. One suspects that the fascination which lumbering has for John Murdock is in reality a fascination it has for Stewart Edward White. And when logging and stump-ranching prove more of a lure to John than the gold of the Klondike, Mr. White seems to share in the triumph.

This novel takes its title from the wild geese flapping northward, which John and Sally follow from the Columbia River and Puget Sound regions to the gaunt coast of Alaska. "Wild geese! Wild geese! Going north! We've got to go!" exclaims Sally. "It's in my blood! Wild geese calling!"

This is the theme of the book, and at the last the Murdocks are able to conquer the impulse which keeps drawing them toward the Arctic. The story of their grapple with the fastnesses, the accounts of their voyages on the Alaskan inlets in their boat *Tillicum*—all this Mr. White tells with moving simplicity. His words build up skillful pictures of towering uplands, dense forests, and white-capped waters.

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R. L. N.

A PASSION FOR PRIVACY. By Louis Paul. Knopf. 1940. 260 *pp.* $2.

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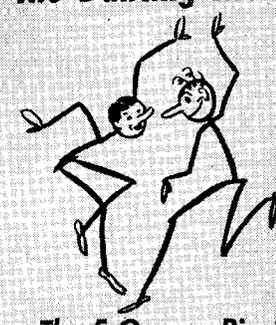

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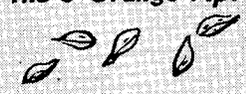

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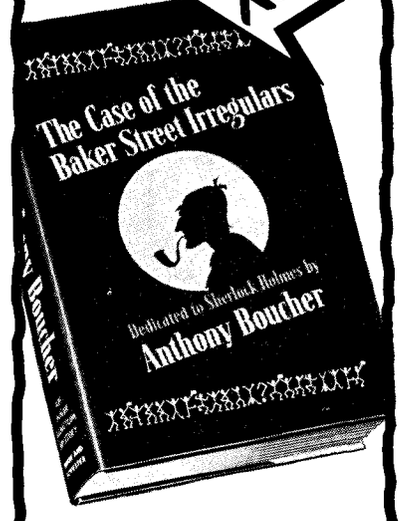

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kind of blundering luck which belongs to children and naturals, they are cousins across the water. Monty has no Jeeves, of course; America can't have everything. He pursues privacy in his own ardent way and we do get quick side-glances at a series of characters Bertie could never have known, including a murderous sketch of a tabloid publisher. All in the very best of humor, naturally; whatever slashing is done is purely, as the dust-cover insists, therapeutic. It is all good, cleansing fun, and we like it. If Mr. Paul doesn't fear being typed, we could do with more of it.

N. L. R.

RETURN TO SPRING. By Elinor Mordaunt. Greystone Press. 1940. 324 *pp.* $2.50.

This novel belongs to the "Rebecca" school of fiction, but it is a far less able attempt to create an atmosphere of mystery than Daphne du Maurier's best seller, for not only does the style lack fibre, but the characters are puppets. Like Miss du Maurier's heroine, Elinor Mordaunt's Caroline meets an Englishman many years her senior in the playgrounds of Southern Europe and returns as his wife to an English country house shadowed by mystery and disaster. The mad sisters-in-law who drive Caroline out, her feeble and cowardly husband, Bertram, and the noble Doctor who befriends her are stock characters out of the literary attic. Dusty and limp, they become less real to us than Signor Podrecca's stuffed actors of the Piccoli, for all their author's desperate jerking. They speak alike in one voice—her own—and their unnatural dialogue only accentuates their lifelessness.

The story patters on, innocent of any other intent than to startle and entertain. There is a mystery hanging over the heroine's head, the persistent echo of her first marriage to the drunken rector of a dour Birmingham parish. Why does Caroline's malicious sister-in-law brand her his murderess? When the author endeavors to strike deeper and to sustain an undertone of philosophy, her thought becomes as confused and devoid of reality as her characters. She is not without a certain talent. She has a responsive eye, and a facile pen as well, but her writing lacks freshness and bite.

M. M.

Miscellaneous

THIS PECULIAR WAR. By A. W. Zelomek. International Statistical Bureau. 1940. 143 *pp.* $2.

Mr. Zelmonek conjectures summarily on the ultimate issues of a conflict which—according to him nobody wanted. The Peace of Munich—Mr. Zelmonek surmises—would have endured had Messrs. Chamberlain, Daladier, Hitler, and Mussolini not fumbled simultaneously, had British public opinion not pressed for war, and had the gathering wrath of the man-in-the-street not caught up, at an awkward moment, with Mr. Chamberlain's compromising tactics.

For Hitler, war meant stepping from profitable blackmail on to a stark struggle with the Western Powers; for his opponents war meant a calamitous gamble with their own empires and historic institutions at stake. On both sides, Mr. Zelomek finds the politicians' initiative now limited by the military experts' discovery that technological progress stalemates the armies of highly industrialized powers. No wonder that the statesmen who slipped up in August, 1939 can see no good coming from the war which should not have begun and which they wish to see liquidated forthwith. Yet Mr. Zelomek who makes a conclusive case for the pointlessness of the struggle, can find no answer. Wistfully he admits that the future peace bids fair to prove more peculiar still than this war, which was belied so far its more obvious historic precedents. He sees an armistice now as confirming German imperialism in its ill-gotten gains, and the contest over the coveted riches of Africa and Asia as merely postponed for a few years. Thus he finds in the war of economic attrition the promise of that ultimate decision which the Western stalemate persistently denies to the generals.

The author, writing avowedly for the American business man "who wants nothing more than to be left alone to mind his own affairs," reaches firmer ground when he delves into the statistics of Germany's foreign trade. He, like a formidable contingent of able economists before him, shatters methodically the myth of Germany's economic self-sufficiency. He finds Russian economy wanting where it needs must be efficient to bring real help to Germany, and he proves Russia's system of transportation inadequate to her own as well as to Germany's requirements. A rigorous blockade thus seems the Allies' safest bet, and this war may prove to be not so peculiar after all, and conform to the pattern of economic warfare as evolved some twenty years ago.

Mr. Zelomek, an economic counsellor, waxes cheerful in his final chapter devoted to the outlook of American business—this side of a war-torn world. He concludes that, no matter what the fortunes of the European belligerents may turn out to be, American business will be good. The reader is left with the impression that the author in his treatment of international catastrophe has attempted too much. In its determined omission of the moral and ideological topics of an unwanted but inevitable conflict, the book keeps well in line with that section of current comment which professes to see in the war between the Allies and Herr Hitler's Germany only the clash of two rival imperialisms.

R. S. A.

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Records in Review

Edward Tatnall Canby

IT is reported (unconfirmed) that the London Philharmonic has been disbanded for the duration of the war. If this is true the current release of Mozart's "Haffner" Symphony played by that orchestra under Beecham (C M-399; $4.50) may symbolize the virtual end of an era in the recording world. For the American companies have depended no less on European music and musicians than the concert managers; the bulk of first rate recordings in the last decade have been repressings of foreign records. True, our foremost orchestras have made notable recordings, but they have been restricted mainly to the familiar nineteenth century concert repertoire; ventures beyond these narrow limits prove that our recording engineers are not yet to be trusted as musicians. At present, the companies are rationing out a few precious European recordings salvaged from the holocaust while attempting frantically to drum up interest in various and sundry excellent domestic orchestras.

★ ★

A fair sample of the new domestic supply is the Minneapolis orchestra's Beethoven "Pastoral Symphony" under Mitropoulos (C M-401; $10). The performance is not quite masterful; there is too great nervousness, a certain lack of breadth, especially in the beautiful last movement. Yet, compared with other Beethoven recordings, it stands high, if only for its meticulous attention to Beethoven's dynamic indications, its fine precision. The mechanical side fares not so well. Europe is still ahead of us in reproducing an orchestra in what may best be called a "natural" manner. Here the sound is somewhat pinched and shrill: too many highs, insufficient bass. In spite of all this, however, all signs indicate that the Minneapolis will be a first class addition to Columbia's domestic circle.

★ ★

An important release is Mozart's mystery-surrounded Requiem Mass, K. 626, with the Philadelphia orchestra and the U. of Penn. Choral Society (V M-649; $12). Unfinished at Mozart's death, this work was completed by a pupil, yet the whole is supernaturally great, as though the spirit of Mozart descended temporarily upon another mortal. The great religious works for chorus and orchestra have long been a thorny recording problem, and only recently have we had anything like faithful reproduction. The present set is a good job—but there is much left to be done. The Penn Chorus performs accurately and sincerely, despite a thinness of tone which exceeds even allowance for youthfulness. Soloists are poor, but unimportant in the whole work.

★ ★

A far cry from this is the grossly distorted suite from Purcell's Dido and Aeneas, by Caillet of the Philadelphia orchestra. (V M-647; $4.50). The era of the super-Wagnerizing of pre-nineteenth century music is, I hope, nearing its end, but Philadelphia does its best to keep it alive. If you want Purcell, why be afraid of the opera itself, ably recorded by Decca? (D X-101/7). . . . The new Roth Quartet cannot for the present be classified among the great quartets. Its playing of Haydn's op. 76 no. 5 (C M-400; $5) is satisfactory, but the ensemble is nothing to boast of, the fine legato *e.g.*, "Art of the Fugue," of the old Roth is lacking. . . . The powerful Sanroma, of the Boston Symphony, gives us a most interesting program of twentieth century piano music. (V M-646; $7). Ranging from Debussy and Respighi to the famous Six Little Pieces of Schoenberg, the album covers a surprisingly large amount of significant—if diminutive—musical material. Recording not too good.

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Double-Crostics: No. 319

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

									1 - S	2 - V	3 - F		4 - J	5 - R	6 - U	7 - N
8 - P	9 - T	10 - C	11 - I	12 - S	13 - H	14 - X		15 - W	16 - E		17 - D	18 - L	19 - R		20 - G	21 - D
	22 - J	23 - G	24 - O	25 - X	26 - V		27 - X	28 - W	29 - V	30 - B	31 - J	32 - R	33 - H	34 - S	35 - D	
36 - X	37 - C	38 - E	39 - G	40 - Q	41 - V	42 - H		43 - M	44 - U	45 - F	46 - Q		47 - T	48 - I	49 - K	50 - M
51 - R	52 - O	53 - H	54 - C		55 - E	56 - I	57 - W	58 - G		59 - W	60 - E		61 - N	62 - G	63 - M	
64 - C	65 - L		66 - N	67 - Q	68 - K	69 - L		70 - O	71 - E	72 - T	73 - N	74 - J	75 - R	76 - U	77 - G	
78 - O	79 - I	80 - D	81 - L		82 - P	83 - M	84 - D	85 - A		86 - G	87 - D	88 - L		89 - M	90 - R	91 - F
92 - I		93 - U	94 - L		95 - A	96 - H	97 - P	98 - J	99 - C		100 - S	101 - R	102 - Q	103 - P	104 - S	
105 - J	106 - K	107 - W	108 - Q	109 - B	110 - S		111 - E	112 - G		113 - F		114 - O	115 - R	116 - D	117 - K	118 - U
119 - Q	120 - P		121 - A	122 - D		123 - O	124 - H	125 - J	126 - Q	127 - C	128 - S		129 - D	130 - A	131 - I	
132 - V	133 - U	134 - S	135 - B	136 - X		137 - I	138 - L		139 - B	140 - N	141 - S	142 - L		143 - A	144 - N	145 - L
	146 - O	147 - M	148 - S	149 - K		150 - A	151 - F		152 - M	153 - C		154 - H	155 - T	156 - S	157 - V	158 - H
159 - N		160 - S	161 - H	162 - N	163 - V	164 - F	165 - G	166 - Q		167 - L	168 - E		169 - F	170 - L	171 - R	
172 - P	173 - X	174 - I	175 - B	176 - J	177 - Q		178 - A	179 - W		180 - C	181 - A	182 - M	183 - R	184 - X		

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS — WORDS

A.	Daughter of Proteus (Odyssey IV).	85 150 95 178 121 130 181 143
B.	Famous "literary" coffee-house.	135 30 139 175 109
C.	Select for a special purpose (comp.; colloq.)	37 10 54 180 153 64 127 99
D.	Achilles's charioteer.	116 87 129 122 84 80 35 21 17
E.	French lyric poet (1524-85).	60 71 168 16 111 38 55
F.	Divine artificer (Vedic myth.)	169 164 113 45 151 3 91
G.	Inhabitant of the City of Destruction ("Pilgrim's Progress").	39 86 58 112 62 77 23 20 165
H.	Alpha (a) Ursae Minoris (2 wds.)	124 161 158 33 42 154 13 53 96
I.	Small cavity or pit (socket for a tooth).	56 48 79 131 137 11 174 92
J.	Given to pondering.	22 105 31 4 74 125 98 176
K.	Name for Cicero.	106 117 149 68 49
L.	Heroine of "Lord of the Isles" (3 wds.)	142 145 167 88 179 94 138 69 18 81 65
M.	Characterized by sudden variation.	50 152 89 182 63 83 43 147
N.	Appellative of Edmund II (Saxon King).	73 162 7 144 61 140 66 159
O.	British tragic actress (1755-1831).	123 52 114 70 78 24 146
P.	Three-legged stand.	82 8 97 172 103 120
Q.	Pushing forth.	108 67 46 102 119 166 40 177 126
R.	Wife of Poseidon.	101 5 51 90 32 19 115 75 193 171
S.	Title of military adviser to Secy. of War (3 wds.)	156 128 12 34 1 134 160 104 110 148 100 141
T.	Ponderous volume.	9 47 72 155
U.	Official Soviet Trading Co. in U. S. (1924——).	44 6 93 76 133 118
V.	Short pastoral dialogue.	163 132 29 2 41 157 26
W.	Render universal; enlarge.	59 107 28 15 179 57
X.	Mischievous.	136 173 27 25 184 36 14

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TRADE WINDS

P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD Q.'s scoop this week is a courteous note from Sir Nevile Henderson telling us which were the detective novels he had with him in the diplomatic train during the crisis of September, 1938 (see *Failure of a Mission,* chapter V.). ☞Sir Nevile tells in his book, you will remember, that in default of stationery he used blank pages of detective stories for writing messages to the Foreign Office. ☞The books were *Murder on Safari* and an Agatha Christie—the ambassador forgets which, admitting that he had no leisure to read them. ☞ *Murder on Safari* seems to us appropriate, for certainly the British and French diplomats were then on Safari in the Nazi jungle; and Czechoslovakia was presently murdered. ☞We were very pleased that our mention of *How to Read* by the late J. B. Kerfoot (published in 1916 by Houghton Mifflin) brought a comment from Professor R. W. Pence of De Pauw University. He says "I still regard it as one of the best manuals on creative writing, and urge every member of my teachers' course to place it high on their list of useful books. It is a grand book and stands rereading remarkably well. Wouldn't it be a blessing if every movie producer were compelled to read it and ponder much in it that could be applied with profit to that industry."

★ ★

☞The Library of Columbia University and the Grolier Club Library are holding exhibitions in honor of the centennial of Thomas Hardy's birth. A meeting took place April 26 at the Columbia Library in honor of Carl J. Weber's biography, *Hardy of Wessex,* lately published by the Columbia University Press. Professor Weber talked interestingly of his adventures as a "Hardy Perennial," and other testimony was given by Professors E. H. Wright and Henry W. Wells, by Clare Leighton the artist, and by the Night Watchman of the Press. ☞Winifred Dunn, in the *Book of the Month Club News,* tells a characteristic anecdote of Osa Johnson. Helping Mrs. Johnson to prepare an impromptu supper, the guest found in the kitchen cabinet a tin lid neatly punched with holes. Osa Johnson explained it was the lid of a coffee can—she had suddenly needed a cheese grater. ☞"Even in New York it didn't occur to her to send around the corner for something she could make for herself with a tin lid, a nail file, and the heel of her slipper.

★ ★

☞Bill Henneman, formerly of Argus Bookshop, Chicago, writes that he will broadcast on "Authors as People" every Saturday, 11.45 A. M. (Central Time). This on the Palmer House program, WAAF, 920 kilocycles. ☞The Kentucky Derby will be run May 4, and Appleton-Century are celebrating with a little vest-pocket race-track memo-book in honor of Clark McMeekin's *Show Me a Land*—the climax of which is the Derby of 1875. ☞On Derby Day in Louisville the hotels will serve special toddies and sandwiches named for the book. ☞Since the regretted suspension of *The Colophon,* some of its former subscribers may be interested to know of the quarterly publications of the Bibliographical Society. Membership costs $3 per year, and full information may be had from the secretary, Mr. George L. McKay, 47 E. 60, N. Y. City. ☞Old Q.'s favorite quotation in some moods is E. M. Forster's remark about Ronald Firbank: "How rare, how precious is frivolity. How few writers can prostitute all their powers." ☞Our own private definition of Touching Bottom—which we did last week, spiritually, for whatever reasons—is when we can only keep alive by rereading *Bulldog Drummond.* ☞That book, published in 1919, was a landmark of something, a social symptom worth considering.

★ ★

Wordsworth at a Summer Theatre

At a country playhouse, some rude barn
Tricked out for that proud use, if I perchance
Caught, on a summer evening through a chink
In the old wall, an unexpected glimpse
Of daylight, the bare thought of where I was
Gladdened me more than if I had been led
Into a dazzling cavern of romance.
The Prelude, VII, 449 ff.

★ ★

☞Old Q., who has much pleasure in all kinds of casual and unrequired reading, would certainly print the above on the program if he were running a summer stock company. ☞ Lover of architecture, he was glad to rediscover the "Ode on the Revival of Color in Architecture" by Charles Leonard Moore, one of many remarkable poems written by that now forgotten poet. The little volume of *Odes* (including the superb one on Edgar Allan Poe) was privately printed in Philadelphia in 1896 and exists, we suppose, in a few public libraries. ☞ Robert A. Potts, 157 E. 56, N. Y. City, lists among other seafaring books the admired Basil Lubbock volumes not easy to find: *Blackwall Frigates, Western Ocean Packets, Colonial Clippers, China Clippers,* and at prices modest (from $2.25 to $4).

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